Glaſs Exciſed;

OR, THE

SCHEMER'S MIRROR.

A

BALLAD.

To the Tune of the Leather Bottel.

Flebit, & inſignis totâ cantabitur urbe.

LONDON:

Printed for *W. Webb*, near *St. Paul's*. 1746.

(Price Four Pence.)

HARVARD COLLEGE
MAY 16 1917
LIBRARY
Minot Fund
(From the
Medlicott Library)

SCHEMERL'S MIRROR.

A

BALLAD.

To the Tune of the Lantzer Borgel.

Glaſs Exciſed;

OR, THE

SCHEMER'S MIRROR.

I.

WHAT ſay you to our *Schemer fine?*
Troth, he ſhall have no Praiſe of mine,
Whoſe beetle Eyes, it's plainly ſhewn,
See as deep into Glaſs as into Stone:
For with cloudy Head and clumſy Hand
He has broke all the Glaſſes in the Land.
And I wiſh him well ſcourg'd to make him more wiſe,
Who firſt invented the Glaſs Exciſe.

II.

How cunning the Dame in the Fable ſay?
Whoſe Gooſe laid an Egg of Gold each Day;
Therefore ſhe kill'd it, in hopes to find,
The Treaſure with which ſhe ſuppos'd 'twas lin'd.
Ev'n ſo the Tax on Glaſs that's laid,
No Money brings, but murders Trade.
And I wiſh him well ſcourged to make him more wiſe,
Who firſt invented the Glaſs Exciſe.

III.

Who'll provide for our *Britiſh* Fair,
Mirrors t' adjuſt each Charm and Air?
What will our jovial Topers do,
Now broke their Bottles and Glaſſes too?
Whene'er they meet o'er Cup and Can,
No doubt they'll record our *Cunning Man*;
And wiſh him well ſcourg'd to make him more wiſe,
Who firſt invented the Glaſs Exciſe.

IV.

IV.

Honeſt Houſholders, what ſay you?
Firſt Light was tax'd, now the Glaſs it comes thro';
And if our Premier more Caſh ſtill need,
A Tax on your Eyes may next ſucceed;
Unleſs, by popular Clamour ſtung,
He firſt procure an Exciſe on the Tongue:
Yet I wiſh him well ſcourg'd to make him more wiſe,
Who firſt invented the Glaſs Exciſe.

IV.